

## The Backbone

Of Winter is broken and Spring is upon us. So it is with the dull, hard times. They are a thing of the past, and if you would be wise, invest in Roanoke Real Estate whilst it is cheap. For as sure as Spring follows Winter, just so sure is property going to advance here.

### Look Over This List and Come to See Us:

8-room frame house, West End, originally cost \$6,500, all modern improvements, handsome mirror mantels, electric light, gas, hot and cold water, bath, etc., in elegant condition, just the thing for a railroad man. Price \$3,800; \$500 cash, balance \$35 per month. Don't fail to investigate this.

10-room house, West Salem avenue, in good condition, modern improvements, large lot 50x200, stable, etc. Price \$5,000; \$300 cash, balance \$35 per month.

8-room house, Eighth avenue, near Park street. Price \$2,900; \$300 cash, balance \$30 per month.

8-room house, Chapman avenue, all modern improvements, here cost to build two years ago \$3,000, I can now be sold for \$1,575; \$275 cash, balance \$30 per month. Dirt cheap.

8-room house, Eighth avenue, Lewis addition, with basement and servant room in back yard, something nice. Price \$1,800; \$700 cash, balance \$30 per month.

7-room brick house, Seventh avenue, Lewis addition, 50x180 feet lot, shade and fruit trees, stable, etc. This is a great big bargain. \$3,000; \$300 cash, balance \$30 per month. Don't fail to see this.

8-room house, Sixth avenue, just newly painted and papered and put in first-class condition; all modern improvements, stable, etc. This is something nice and just what you need. Price \$2,400; \$400 cash, balance \$30 per month.

### WANTED.

A list of your property to sell and rent. Have several customers for houses in Southwest and Northwest. If you want the highest rent obtainable and collected and remitted promptly list your property with us.

### FARMS.

We have farms in all sections, from \$5 to \$100 per acre, and will take pleasure in showing them.

### LOTS.

We still have the cheapest lot ever offered in Roanoke on South Jefferson street, only \$300. This is a beauty.

Five lots, 50x150, West End, beautiful. Only \$350.

If you want to buy or rent a house it will certainly pay you to come and see us. Big Bargains, Quick Collections and prompt returns is our motto.

The Pedigo-Beller Real Estate Co  
106 South Jefferson Street.  
Successors to the Jas. S. Simmons Real Estate Co.

## Buy a Home While Property Is Cheap.

Rents are advancing every day and property must go up. Look over this list of Bargains and come to see us at once:

Splendid business house on the best business street in the city, now renting for 11 per cent. of the price asked. Terms, very easy.

Five splendid business lots, corner street, two store rooms below, renting for \$70 per month, price \$5,000. Terms, very easy.

Eight-room house on large corner lot, has sold for \$3,700, price now \$1,000, easy payments.

Six room house, near West End, round house, \$850, \$50 cash and \$10 per month.

7-room house on Eighth avenue s. e., nicely papered, good garden, \$1,500; \$50 cash and \$12.50 per month.

6-room cottage on large lot n. w., near round house, \$850; \$35 cash and \$12.50 per month without interest.

6-room house on corner lot, s. w., beautiful shade, \$1,300, on easy payments.

Two splendid business lots, very near the new Public Building, \$1,500, on easy payments.

Nice 6-room house, Eighth avenue s. w., with modern improvements, stable on the lot, \$1,300; \$350 cash and \$10 per month.

New 8-room dwelling s. w., with modern improvements, large lot, beautiful shade \$1,750; \$300 cash and \$30 per month. This is one of the rarest bargains ever offered.

Elegant 13-room house in West End, with electric burglar alarm, speaking tubes, hard wood mantels, all modern improvements, lot 100x210, with stable, chicken-house, horse and cow lot, good garden, fruit and shade trees in abundance, in thorough repair, cost \$2,000, price \$5,350, \$750 cash and \$50 per month.

Fine business house on Salem avenue, in a very desirable location, price \$6,000, one-third cash, balance in 5 years.

Nice brick house in Southwest, \$2,000, \$300 cash and \$30 per month. This is a fine bargain.

We have a great many other fine bargains, which we will be glad to show.

### FARMS:

120-acre tract with 40 acres of bottom land in fine condition. One of the best tracts for sale in the State. Price \$40 per acre.

10-acre farm 1/4 mile of Hollins, 100 full bearing apple trees, good spring, 6-room cottage and stable, all bottom land, \$500. Would trade for Roanoke property.

94 acres of bottom and 1 1/4 miles from Hollins, with \$5,500 brick house at the edge of a beautiful ten acre grove of oak trees. Price \$50 per acre.

113 acres of Back creek land in the celebrated peach apple belt, 30 acres of it in good bottom, \$10 per acre; on Roanoke and Southern railroad. This is a fine investment.

8 acres of truck garden, comfortable dwelling, miles of Roanoke, 150 apple trees; on Roanoke and Southern railroad. \$300, on very easy payments.

150 acres of very rich, fertile land, none more productive in the State, 250 fruit trees of every variety, well watered and fenced; new twelve-room brick dwelling, cost \$5,000, large new barn 40x90, with all other necessary outbuildings and improvements, two and a half miles from Roanoke; price, \$15,000. This is one of the very best farms in the Valley of Virginia. Terms, very easy.

We have a great many other farms and truck gardens for sale. If you want to buy, sell or rent come and see us.

Several good bargains near Hollins Institute.

T. W. SPINDLE & CO.,  
104 Jefferson Street, Roanoke, Va.

### 'Phone 185.

This means W. W. Payne & Co.'s retail grocery, on Park street, corner Centre, where can be found the cleanest and most complete assortment of everything in the retail grocery line. Close prices and prompt attention. 'Phone us a trial order. W. W. PAYNE & CO.

HOUSEKEEPERS should try Hoe Cake baking powders, one-pound can for 10 cents. Ask your grocer for it.

TRY a can of Hoe Cake baking powder and you will use no other.

### Everybody's Candidate.

We solicit your orders for feed. 'Phone 269. BARNES FARM CO.

### OLD BACHELOR'S CHILDREN.

Old bachelors' children, oh, what models are they.  
Or will be when they have some of their own!  
How quiet they'll be and how lovely, as well.  
How for good graces they will always be known!  
What pinks of perfection in conduct they'll be.  
How bright, how dext and how clean,  
How free from small vices and follies always  
And nothing unpleasant or mean.

How modest, how courteous and pleasing,  
How strong in good words and good deeds,  
How perfect, and such as one reads of  
In the novels that a bachelor reads;  
How they will be trained for the battle  
Of life that's coming on by and by.  
How they will walk in paths that are narrow,  
And never get cranky or "high."

How they'll improve opportunities given,  
How parents will rise up and be blest,  
What patterns they will be for all others,  
For emulation and all of the rest  
Of good things to look for in future,  
Both of this world and also the next,  
But the sermons the bachelor preaches  
Is without this appropriate text:

"Don't count up your chickens while hatching.  
Don't cross the stream till you reach it.  
Take a lesson or two in experience,  
And after writing your sermon, don't preach it."

Until you've lived the life of a parent,  
And known young folk within and without;  
Don't make a fool of yourself about children,  
And this pen knows what it is writing about.

—Good Housekeeping.

### VICTORY BY DEFEAT.

The afternoon sunlight, sifting through the thin draperies at the windows, filled the room with a pleasant mellow half light.

Miss Channing had gone to the window and was looking up the street through a chink in the blind. Presently she caught sight of Harding's figure, and, going hastily back to her place before the fire, she took up her book, which had been neglected for an hour, and began to read.

Her interest was sudden, but it was none the less intense—so intense that the ringing of the doorbell did not disturb her, or even the opening of the door by the quiet maid.

Harding came into the room quickly, without being announced. He came over to where the girl was sitting, and she let him stand there for a moment, looking down at her; then all of a sudden she dropped the book and held out her hand to him, smiling.

"So you have come, Paul?" she said, looking up at him.

"Did you think I would not come?" he asked.

"I do not know, but I was afraid. When I wrote the note, I was afraid."

"But still you wrote it. Your fear did not deter you. You would have written it had you been sure that I would not come."

The girl withdrew her hand quickly, and the look of smiling tenderness faded from her face. "You have come to quarrel with me, Paul," she said.

Harding waited for awhile before he answered. He was waiting for the side mantel above the fireplace and facing her, he answered slowly:

"I have not come to quarrel with you, Eleanor. I do not know that that would do any good. There has been enough of that sort of thing already. But I come to beg you, to entreat you, to command you, if there is anything in the relation we bear which gives me any authority over you, to give over this determination to which you say you have arrived—this foolish, needless, cruel resolution."

"I ask you to do it for me, for yourself, for every one that is interested in you—in the name of our love, Eleanor. You cannot mean that you will disregard that?"

The girl heard him through without interruption. "You know, Paul," she said, when he had finished, "you have said all this to me before. This is the way you begin when we quarrel."

"I have never said it to you as I do now, Eleanor. I have never believed that you really meant to do this thing. I half thought that you kept talking about it because you saw it worried me. I never believed that you really meant it. I cannot believe it now."

"I can show you a copy of the contract I have signed," said the girl quietly, almost coldly.

"Can it be that you have gone as far as that?" he said.

"Yes, I have gone as far as that. I told you I was going to."

"But you need not keep it. It cannot bind you. I will see to it myself. I can force Davis to let you off; it will be easy enough," said Harding hurriedly.

"But I do not want to let you off, as you call it," answered the girl. "I know what I was doing when I signed the contract. I did it deliberately, because I think it is right for me to have my way about this thing. I do not want to turn back."

"You are forcing me to tell you what it will mean if you persist," said the young man hotly.

The girl rose from her chair and faced him with flashing eyes. "Well, what will it mean?" she cried.

"It will mean that everything is over between you and me," he answered, his eyes flashing too. "You must understand that."

"Very well; if that is your choice, I have nothing to say. I expected that you would say it."

"It is not my choice. I will not let you saddle it upon me. It is your choice and you admit that you have taken it deliberately. My choice is very different, but that has nothing to do with this situation apparently."

"Yes, your choice is different. Your choice is that I shall submit, even now, before we are married, to your dictation. You say that I do not regard our love. What is there in our love that it can be served only by the things that you happen to want? Could it not be nourished by a little that I want? Is my judgment always to be wrong and yours always to be right? And because I do not immediately look at the thing from your standpoint you say that I am false to our love. You have no right to say that, for it is not true. I do not see why I should give in to your selfishness. I suppose you would call it your love, but I do not."

"Davis told you all these things to say, I suppose," said the young man, with a sneer.

"What do you mean?" demanded the girl.

"I mean just that. Ever since this cursed business began you have been under his influence. He has flattered you, and you have believed him. He has told you that you had great powers, and straightway you have longed to exercise them. He has set you dreaming of applause, of the praise of the crowds that he says will welcome your entrance into public view. You have gone crazy with it, Eleanor. Can you not see it?"

"Do you think I will be a snob, Paul?" asked the girl suddenly.

"I do not know. Perhaps you may. Do you mean that you are determined to go on with this thing? That you will not listen to me at all?"

There was a long pause, and then the girl answered in a low tone, "Yes; that is what I mean."

Harding turned on his heel and walked to the door. The girl followed him and opened the outside door for him. He stood a moment looking at her, and then he went out, and she closed the door after him. Then she went back into the room, and throwing herself upon a little divan, burst into tears.

"The surprise which we have long known Manager Davis of the Empire theater had in store for us is out at last," said the dramatic column of one of the big dailies.

"Miss Eleanor Channing, who, it will be remembered, made such a startling success in the amateur field last winter, has been induced to take the leading role in the 'Princess Louisa,' shortly to be produced at the Empire."

And this announcement was made the text of a lengthy gossip article about Miss Channing and her affairs, and the reasons that had induced her to adopt the stage. The article spoke of her wonderful talent and rejoiced that it was no longer to be hidden or wasted in the company of amateurs.

All this, and the many notices that came after it, Harding read with a sinking heart. He made no attempt to see Miss Channing. He had given up all hope of changing her in her purpose.

As the night of her first appearance drew near he told himself that it would not do for him to go to the theater. He was afraid that he might do some foolish thing. Nevertheless when the time came he could not stay away.

His impatience brought him early to the theater and he secured a box, in the extreme rear of which he stowed himself away where he could not be recognized, either from the audience or from the stage.

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Presently the orchestra began to play the overture. It was a low, plaintive theme that the leader had chosen and every quiver of the violins seemed to deepen the gloom in the young man's heart.

The orchestra changed to a quicker movement, the lights throughout the house were lowered while the footlights blazed forth and then the curtain rose.

There was the usual conventional opening, but after it there was a pause and from the rear of the stage Miss Channing came forward. There was stillness for a moment, then a stir through the audience and some applause. The play proceeded.

From his seat in the shadow Harding watched her nimbly. He heard what she was saying and yet he did not hear it. It seemed not to make any impression on him.

Presently he roused himself suddenly. What was the matter with the audience? He looked back to the stage where Eleanor was.

Was he mad? What kind of acting was that which he saw? Could it be that this clumsy, awkward woman was Eleanor Channing? She seemed more like a wooden woman. He breathed a sigh of relief when the curtain went down.

A subdued murmur went through the house as the curtain fell, but there was no other sign either of approval or disapproval. It was a patient audience, though cold and growing colder. Still it yet suspended judgment.

But before the close of the second act it was a plain, undeniable fact that the girl was a failure. The audience even began to thin out toward the close of the act and many went out when the curtain went down and forgot to come back again.

But long before this Harding's mood had changed and he now watched the movement of the play with the most vivid and intense interest.

He listened with quivering nerves for the first and faintest sign of applause, and when it did not come he endeavored to start it himself.

But it was of no avail. The actress was a failure, and the audience knew it.

When the curtain finally went down for the last time, Harding rushed out of his box and through the side passage to the stage. Eagerly he sought Miss Channing, but she was not to be found. They told him that she had slipped out unattended as soon as she came from the stage.

He found her just about to take a cab outside. Without asking her permission he followed her in and sat down beside her.

At first she seemed not to notice him, and then she regarded him with wide staring eyes. She seemed dazed, stunned.

"My poor child!" he said, taking her hand in his.

She did not attempt to take it away. Presently she leaned her head down on his arm and began to weep softly. He did not speak, but let her have her way, stroking her hair gently.

Presently there came a weak, little muffled voice from somewhere down on his coat sleeve.

"It was terrible, wasn't it?" said the voice, very weakly.

"On the contrary, I think it was splendid," Harding answered.

There was a pause, and then the voice spoke again.

"If you had not been there, I think I should have died," it said this time.

This was too much for Harding to stand with equanimity, and the voice and its owner were gathered into a pair of strong arms.

"But I was, and I will continue to be always, if you will let me," he said.

"I think you will have to be," said the voice, now a happy one, though still very weak, "for I do not seem to be able to get along without you at all."—Exchange.

### Angouleme.

A broad, isolated hill about 800 feet in height, with two winding rivers near its base, a hill with almost perpendicular sides and a plateau-like top, covered closely with buildings and edged with trees—this is Angouleme. In Roman days it lay within a triangle formed by the three chief highways of these western districts, left aside when, by their customary directness, the great roadbuilders of antiquity connected Périgueux, Saintes, Limoges and Poitiers. For this reason Angouleme was of it, "Iulianus devotio ad solo loco," and today we cannot suspect that Rome ever valued it unless we look underground or within museum walls. But the relics here preserved prove that it was an important place to the Romans and its strong position kept it important through all the warring centuries which stretched between the collapse of their power and the firm consolidation of the modern kingdom of France.—M. G. Van Rensselaer in Century.

### What He Would Split.

Mrs. Watts—Now if you will split some wood—

Wendy Watkins—If it is all the same to you, mame, I think I will confine my efforts to splitting the atmosphere as I perceive the proper way.—Exchange.

## TREND OF VAUDEVILLE

Harry Morris, Prominent Comedian, Says It Is Upward.

### THE PEOPLE DEMAND NOVELTY.

They Are No Longer Satisfied With the Old Style Perfumery Series of Variety Sketches—The Evolution of the Burlesque Toward a Higher Plane.

I have been asked to write something on the trend of vaudeville, and I gladly comply because I think that there is a great deal to be said on the subject just now. For many years the tendency of this once supremely popular form of entertainment has been downward. Of late, however, there has been a marked demand for something better. The patrons of the variety theaters are no longer satisfied with what would have been considered a few years ago an acceptable show. The perfumery series of turns, technically denominated the olio, has begun to pall upon the appetite of the regular habitués, for the reason that the vaudeville patron usually goes to the current entertainment at his favorite house every week, and before the end of the season he will have seen everything that is worth viewing in vaudeville. Naturally, therefore, when the following season he begins his weekly visits and is again treated to the same specialties, that tired feeling is apt to come over him to a very great extent, and he will be more than human if he should not transfer his allegiance to some other form of entertainment.

As to what has brought about this unquestionable demand for something new in the vaudeville world, I should say that



HARRY MORRIS.

there were several elements conspiring to the same result. First and foremost, it must be confessed, is the disinclination of the artists themselves to change their acts and thereby make themselves of new value each year. Then, again, there is also, of course, the natural tendency of the amusement loving public to demand more for its money with each succeeding season. The manager who does not meet this desire when it becomes too manifest to be ignored is very foolish and in the end must pay for his stubbornness in the way of decreased attendance at his performances, for it is as impossible in the show business as in any other to force upon the people that which they do not want. Give them something which they like, and they will pay well for it, but try to compel them to attend an entertainment which does not suit them, and you will speedily find that you are on the wrong track, even though you should go to the length of offering them admission free of charge. It is human nature—nothing more.

Up to a very short time ago the usual variety show consisted of a lot of "turns" following each other indiscriminately. If the audiences had not seen those people before, all well and good, but if they had, as was more than likely, there was dissatisfaction. A great many shows, it is true, opened with a "first part," in which an effort was made to jumble a lot of senseless stuff together through the medium of execrable rhyme, which was innocently supposed to constitute the principal element of burlesque. The music was generally taken from wherever it happened to suit the fancy of the builder of the entertainment, and it was, of course, promptly recognized as having been stolen by every person who happened to hear it. That would naturally not tend to increase the pleasure of the auditor, either. But that was not the worst of it, for at the end of this style of vaudeville show there was what is called an afterpiece, and it was usually regarded by the regular patrons as being just what its name indicated—a thing which came after the show and was not worth staying to hear and see. Thus at the end of the olio there was a mighty exodus, and the performance was finished before an audience at least 50 per cent smaller than it was at the rise of the curtain.

I am not criticising brother managers or performers, because until the present season I was doing all of these things which I have just pointed out as tending toward the undoing of the vaudeville branch of the amusement profession. I might add, too (strictly in confidence), that it had cost me a good many thousands of dollars to learn what later experience has warranted me in assuming to be a fact. Last season, toward the close, I made up my mind that if I intended to continue in the vaudevilles it would be necessary to improve vastly upon what had gone before. Not wishing or, in fact, daring to be too radical at the start, I concluded to make a qualified departure, keeping the main old lines in view constantly—in other words, to build up the original style of entertainment to the extreme limit of its possibilities. This I did by having written a really funny and bright first part, which is a burlesque, and I also put together a burlesque of the then popular "Tribby." I confess that I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to omit the olio altogether and to introduce the new clatter by means of appropriate allusions in the burlesques, but I redoubled upon the well known fact of reformers and refrainers. The result of the departure which I did make, however, with my "Twenty-fourth Century Maids" company has been eminently satisfactory, and I shall stick to these lines in my offering for next season, only I shall then do Napoleon instead of Sengal. I shall leave it to others to go still farther along the paths which I have blazed out.

That there will be those who will do this I do not doubt, and I believe that if the ventures are properly managed from the business end and they are practically certain to succeed. I am gratified with the part I have played in bringing about this reformation, because without something

of the sort the vaudeville aggregation which travels about from town to town would soon have got deeply mired in the slough of despond and might never have got out.

In speaking of the elements which have resulted in the demand for better vaudeville entertainments I accidentally overlooked the continuous performance houses. These places are springing up all over the country, and they are patronized so liberally at the moderate prices charged for admission that they are enabled to hire the best people in the vaudeville profession. The general public, or at least that portion which bestows its patronage upon the traveling so-called burlesque shows, naturally expects something more than the ordinary turns which may be seen for much less money at the continuous performance theaters. This is making all of us alive to the necessity of giving better things, and most of us are doing it. I know that a great many managers are now carrying shows about the country which are built upon the lines described above, and it is an encouraging sign of the times that most of these are meeting with success, showing that it is a condition and not a theory which I have described. I have not the slightest doubt that within a year or two we shall have vaudeville shows which will be made up entirely of a well written burlesque containing good music. Of course, even in this event, it will be impossible to ignore the fact that a large number of theater goers like specialties, but these may be easily introduced—and logically, too—without interfering with the action of the plot of the operetta, which is more than apt to be rather nebulous, in any event.

I do not wish to have the impression get abroad from what I have said in the foregoing that I consider that vaudeville is on the decline. On the contrary, I think that the appetite for it is stronger now than ever before. The continuous performance houses have introduced this form of entertainment to a large class of persons who were previously totally unfamiliar with it, and the demand for good specialty people is for that reason greatly increased, but, as I have already explained, the old timers who are used to vaudeville must have something new, as they have become satiated. There is no denying the fact that what is known as the "legitimate" is dead, so far at least as this country is concerned. Whether it will ever be revived is problematical, but there has been a gradual reduction in the patronage accorded to it for several years, until now there is practically none left to bestow. Melodrama, with the foolish hero and the petty and sometimes pretty heroine, has also enjoyed a brief season of prosperity, but is now unquestionably on the wane. Comedy, without a star with a strong personal following, is about one of the very best methods that I know of to exemplify the old adage about the greedy parting of a fool and his money. Comedy opera is seldom comic and always expensive to the auditor as well as to the producer and is fast falling into innocuous desuetude. Burlesque is one of the few forms of popular amusement which appear to be increasing in favor, and that fact is principally due, in my opinion, to the introduction of many of the vaudeville features. No, depend upon it, the coming thing in the theatrical world is a modified vaudeville burlesque type, which will make money for its projectors and will also afford amusement to the masses at less than the vaudeville prices which some managers now appear to have a tendency to exact from their patrons.

George Engels.

The Great German Comedian Who Is Now In America For the First Time.

Germany's greatest comedian, George Engels, is now playing his first engagement in the United States at the Germania theater in New York city. He has met with unqualified success, and it is not unlikely that he may undertake a starring tour of the country next season accompanied by an organization of English speaking players. Engels can give a good many valuable points to some of our native performers who never seem able to lose sight of the fact that they are acting. His treatment is said by the best judges to be delightfully delicate, and grinning, and other forms of buffoonery are severely tabooed by him, as indeed they now are by all first class artists. The success of this man, who came to this country almost entirely unheralded, serves to demonstrate that Americans are always willing to be-



GEORGE ENGELS.

stow their patronage upon deserving objects, no matter in what language they may elect to set forth their qualifications.

George Engels was born in Hamburg about half a century ago and did not make his stage debut until he was 26 years of age. The event occurred at one of the leading theaters in Berlin, and the young actor was at once hailed as a worthy aspirant for fame. His first really great success, however, came a few years later in L'Arronge's play, "Dr. Klaus," which is known in the United States under the title of "Dr. Clyde." In 1888 L'Arronge established the celebrated Deutsche theater, and he engaged Engels along with Friedrich Hassel, Ludwig Barnay, Friedrich Forster, Siegfried Friedmann, Josef Kalnz, Hedwig Rave and a number of other famous actors. With L'Arronge Engels remained until the former's retirement in 1894, since which time he has starred throughout the German empire with phenomenal success. By most persons he is regarded as the most popular actor in any branch of work in the fatherland.

Jim Daly, who was formerly Jim Corbett's sparring partner, and Joe Dunfee of Syracuse, N. Y., have been matched to box 40 rounds on May 14.

